

RESTO



VOL. XIII.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO-AUGUST, 1960

MADONNA HOUSE PLANS WORK IN WEST INDIES

Madonna House is now privileged to announce that, sometime next Summer, it will open a house on the Island of Carriacou, one of the Southernmost of the Windward Islands in the Caribbean Sea. His Lordship, Bishop Justin Field, O.P., in charge of the diocese, which comprises several of the islands, has asked for this apostolate. The work assigned is that of nursing the sick, delivering babies, and teaching religion.

Miss Elsie Whitty, a registered nurse who came to Madonna House from Edinburgh, Scotland, is now in England, taking a post graduate course in midwifery, so that she can help in the dispensary on Carriacou. Two other women will be sent to the island in April or May. One of them will be its local director. Our Lady of the Islands will be its patroness.

tor, of Mary House, in Whitehorse, dangerous mountain road to St. Yukon, recently made a survey of Carriacou, and some of the his left hand, on the wrong side of neighboring islands, especially the road—British fashion. With that of Grenada where Bishop his right hand he blessed the Field resides; and a few nights people as they appeared on the

names for what we call bananas. After many mistakes I could recognize a sapadilla, a yam, a plantain, a bluggo, and a mango.

People stood in doorways while it rained. Nobody except me wore a rain coat or plastic rain boots. I

The house, large and small, churches, stores, and other building of the offer. And he would probably as he could.

The house, large and small, churches, stores, and other building of from the husks of the swine.

Help us to keep
"RESTORATION" COMING
REGULARLY BY
CLIPPING AND
SENDING US THIS ADDRESS LABEL WITH YOUR NEW ADDRESS

PLEASE DO IT NOW WHILE IT'S ON YOUR MIND!

Miss Mamie Legris, local direc-ing over the winding, narrow

a room full of people with her dearest the proposed and sometimes adventures. This is what she has a deventures. This is what she has a written about her trip;

By Mamie Legris

I have just come away from the Pontificial Mass offered by History of the Pontificial Mass offered by History of the Cathedral of St. George, in George Cathedral Cardinal Cardi

a rain coat or plastic rain boots. I was a sight to men and angels.

The Narrow Road

I landed on the Island of Grenada on June 22. His Lordship and Brother Iraneus—who will be ordained next year—met me at the airfield. In a few moments we were in His Lordship's car, driv-were in His Lordship's car, driv-met in a stall, each selling only one item. I notices, and other build in the harbor are many sloops and schooners. The markets are intensely interesting. In dadition to selling tropical fruits and fish, they offer stew, rolls, home-made ice cream, and candy. The vendors are mostly women, each in a stall, each selling only one item. I noticed that most of the swine, but because I am sure he is one of Your favorite sons, Prodigal or not, and that You are happy to not, and that You are happy to have him forever with You.

Heart's Ace in the Hole

When Gene first came to New York, forty years or so ago, he asked where he could find Mr. Hearst. Somebody gave him the asked where he could find Mr. Hearst. Somebody gave him the great newspaper magnate's address. A mansion on Fifth Avenue. Gene went there immediately, and ing him I discovered he was not on the husks of the swine, but because I am sure he is one of Your favorite sons, Prodigal or not, and that You are happy to not, and that You are happy to have him forever with You.

Heart's Ace in the Hole

When Gene first came to New York, forty years or so ago, he asked where he could find Mr. Hearst. Somebody gave him the great newspaper magnate's address. A mansion on Fifth Avenue. Gene went there immediately, and the people did not eat canned food. I suppose they can't afford to. The local food is much cheaper. I noticed a lack of choices in fresh meats. The people eat fish mostly. Dairy products were sold only in small quantities. The best seller, I could not help notice, was rum!

There is electricity in town, and There is electricity in town, and running water in places. Yet not

Within a few seconds of meeting him I discovered he was not demanded to see his future eming him I discovered he was not the usual managing editor. He greeted me as though we had known each other for years. And he didn't attempt to haggle.

"Now about salary", he said, "I was told to begin by offering \$125 and only in and work up to \$200, if you forced and only in a long, long time. They are willing to live far away from country and family.

running water in places. Yet not I hope Mr. Hearst is with You But, if the powers think you are everyone has running water. Durtoo, God. There was much good worth \$200 a week to the Ameriing the dry season it is a problem in him. to get drinking water. Houses are built to catch and retain rain water on the eaves, and run them down pipes to reservoirs, tanks, or barrels.

A long time ago a Catholic written ago a Catholic written contracts. Sign there."

The American had one of the happiest "local rooms" I ever barrels.

Gene Fowler prayed for him. Perbarrels.

Gene Was Mr. Hearst's ace Gene Fowler. He was always makings of the contracts of the contracts. Sign there."

The American had one of the happiest "local rooms" I ever knew. Happiness radiated from happiness radiated from

On Saturday, June 25th, I left in the hole; his hope of glory.

On Saturday, June 25th, I left in the hole; his hope of glory.

New York liked the story of saw a fine story in the World or Carriacou. His Lordship provided Gene's audacious and humorous the Times or the Herald-Tribune, me with a big straw hat to keep visit to the mansion; and predict- he would call the city editor and off the sun, and the Sisters gave ed that if Gene ever got to heavme a lunch. It was a five hour en—which was doubtful, it seem-"Hello Earl. This is Gene. How's

got too dark.

ferent from Barbados and Gren- Carroll. Wallace Smith, Joe Pat- for him. "We have to let him go", living. terson. Phil Payne. Jack Lawson.

Loren Palmer. Park Browne. The list of the dead grows ever longer. I am one of the last leaves on an A Love Letter old tall tree

Long Live The Dead!

astic about our apostolate's coming there as I was to be there. Afterwards all the sisters asked me questions about our Madonna House.

Lovely But Hot

I let the was warking with us some months before, but I had resting the popular groves—yet ingested it.

Was the offer still open? There was one way only to find out. Ask the new managing editor of the New York American, Gene Fow-let the probably had never heard a letter of some thorths before, but I had response to the popular groves—yet ingested it.

can, you should get \$200. Here are

tour of the main street before it afar, and You flew to him fast-asked me to fire someone. He the adjustments to be made to a er than the fastest jet. And now made me the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of he walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of he walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of he walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of he walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of he walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the tropical climate; to a new type of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with You and the city editor of the walks forever with the city editor of the walks for the walks forever with the city editor of the walks forever with the city editor of the walks for the walks for the walks for the walks forever with the city editor of the walks for the walks Carriacou is about 6 miles long and 3 miles wide. It is quite difwith others of my friends. Dick could do this particular dirty work and to a very different types of houses, too great. Shipping facilities are slow and expensive. Transportations and to a very different mode of slow and expensive.

(Continued on Page 4)

AND NOW WE HAVE THE LADY OF THE ISLANDS

By Catherine Doherty

The ways of our Lady are gentle and quiet most of the time,

One day, a year or so ago, voices were heard from the kitchen . . . calling out that the Pope had arrived at Madonna House.

This being manifestly impossible, the curiosity of everybody was aroused. We all rushed to the windows to see what had brought

forth such strange exclamations from the kitchen crew There on the grounds stood a figure in white, looking indeed, from a distance, like the Holy Father himself!

But he proved to be a Domin-Island, its hilly streets, its tiny ican Bishop in his white habit. shops, its friendly people, its Bishop Justin Field, O.P., of Gren-priest over-worked, but with a ada, British West Indies. An important personage in his own She told us about the marvelportant personage in his own right indeed.

ed, I kept thinking of the hot clieven the lack of water sometime, which is gathered in the rainy season in reservoirs. In these one often finds a mouse or two, or old leaves, and all kinds is raised and my hands are out-

only R.N.s but also Midwives, preferably trained in England in this difficult medical art. My heart skipped a beat, for this training involved much expense. But then what was faith for—and trust in Divine Providence? I agreed to send one of the members of our apostolate, an R.N. from Scotland, back to England for a year's course in Midwifery. I also agreed to go myself, or send a delegate, to survey the terrain in that part of His vineyard . in the far blue sea.

The old cement stone house there, which will be their habitation, has nary a stick of furniture.

Vividly she described Carriacou

ous hospitality extended to her by A Poor Diocese

His Lordship had come to Madonna House to get acquainted with our apostolate and to see if we could not open a foundation on one of the many islands of his diocese specifically if possible the conditions, she would interrupt herself and say ... "WE SIMPLY MUST ACCEPT.

THIS FOUNDATION. BECAUSE

How can I raise this sum, which mate, the unfamiliar food; the appears so immense to me? I do rugged, mountainous island, the not know. All I can do is open a lack of any modern convenience bursse, an account in our bank

The Second Coming
But what are hardships, I kept saying to myself, before the hardness of Christ's cross and the salvation of souls for which christ's cross and the salvation

Then, unexpectedly, His Lordship returned . . . some months ago. Again he spoke of the needs of souls, the need for lay apostles.

Again he asked for a foundation

a delegate, to survey the terrain in tion, has nary a stick of furniture. full and learn first-hand, exactly We must buy everything. Beds what the climate was and how to and bedding. Chairs and tables. A trip. The sea was rough at times, yet it was beautiful but I was nearly cooked—or boiled. It is hot, nearly cooked—or boiled. It is hot, let me remind you in these parts.

"Hello Earl. This is Gene. How's everything? Just called to say ours, which we are already calling that was a whale of a story you had in the final. The one about THE HOUSE OF OUR LADY OF THE ISLANDS." hearly cooked—or boiled. It is hot, let me remind you, in these parts. Fr. Carr, the parish priest, was hearing confessions at one of the missions, and had arranged for missions, and had arranged for Mr. Redit, a teacher, to meet me and take me to the hotel. The Ave Something like that.

Twelve Hour Days

It gets dark early, as there is equal day and night the year around. But I had time to make a tour of the main street before it afar, and You flew to him fast-assied me to fire someone. He was a winder of a story you had in the final. The one about The House of Our LADY OF (There is no electricity). Wood stoves are impossible in that heat. We might even have to buy a gas in the dog. The boy that wrote that story, Earl—I want him! What are you paying him, by the way? Is he there? I'd like to talk to him."

Oddly enough the boy was never there. But he always came around, sometime later, to thank gene from his boss.

Hard Work Ahead

But she also was brutally frank about the difficulties involved, the adjustments to be made to a story you had in the final. The one about THE HOUSE OF OUR LADY OF (There is no electricity). Wood stoves are impossible in that heat.

We might even have to cook. The boy that wrote that story, Earl—I want him! What are you paying him, by the way? Is he there? I'd like to talk to him."

Oddly enough the boy was neven the tree. But he always came around, sometime later, to thank Gene Fowler for getting him a raise from his boss.

Hard Work Ahead

But she also was brutally frank about the difficulties involved, the dog. The bout that was a winte of a story you had in the final. The one about the dog. The boy that wrote that story, Earl—I want him! What are you paying him, by the way? Is he there? I'd like to talk to him."

Oddly enough the your around, sometime later, to thank gene Fowler for getting him a raise from his boss.

Gene was both a king of heat.

We milt HOUSE OF OUR LADY OF (The is no electricity). Wood the win the dog. The House of the dog. The House of the House by the way?

It is impossible to beg for these tion from Grenada to Carriacou

(Continued on Page 4)

RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE Combermere, Ontario Canada

VOL. XIII

No. 8

EDDIE DOHERTY EC CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing EC REV. J. T. CALLAHAN Supervising EC JOSEPHINE HALFMAN Circulation Mana	litor
---	-------

Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Cathelic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Madonna House Apostolate. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

RESTORATION is a Member of the Catholic Press Association



WHERE LOVE IS - GOD IS

The children of light, said the Lord when He walked the earth, should be as wise as the children of darkness . . . whilst remaining as simple as doves. This parable puzzled His contemporaries, but it shouldn't puzzle us. Especially in our century of science and

Surely, the children of light should be using all these findings for the service and glory of God and

For isn't the task of the Lay Apostolate today THE RE-BAPTIZING OF EVERY CREATURE OF GOD UNTO HIS GLORY AND HIS SERVICE? Didn't Pope Pius XII say, "that nothing should be alien to the apostolate except sin?"

Across the world, Communism and many other "isms" which are not Catholicism, are using the latest machinery and means of communication to promote their ideas. Wherever the Lay Apostolate goes-in the veldt of Africa, in the towering hot green forests of South America, in the treeless barren lands of the arctic . . it finds these devotees of various "isms" that are not Catholicism, using projectors and screens, radios run by batteries, the latest portable printing presses, hectograph, and mimeograph machines.

The wonder of it all attracts thousands of souls . . . who absorb through their eyes and ears ideas that in a few years will bear the bitter fruits of the confusion and lies that were fed to them.

And the world will wonder, especially the Catholic world, how all this came to pass!

It came to pass very easily, for it seems that no sacrifice is too great, no obstacle too hard for the followers of darkness-so long as it blots out the light of God and His shining truth.

In a column of this paper, there is an appeal for funds. The amount needed, just to begin the work of God's light is infinitely small . . . just sufficient for travelling expenses and to maintain life for three lay apostles . . . for a year or so . . . It does not even cover, or begin to, these weapons of modern spiritual warfare known as projectors, screens, battery radios or electrical ones-catechetical film strips and slides, and machines to show them. No, it doesn't even cover any of these. These would demand another thousand dollars or more.

Yet on the Islands of the British West Indies, these weapons of modern communications are used widely, and for many purposes. But not yet by the children of light-who should be using them even

Lay apostles give their lives across the face of the earth. A life is easy to give, but those who give it wish that each day of this lifetime could be fecund in spreading the light across that portion of God's vineyard allotted to them.

The world lives in fear. And men tremble before the dark shadows of tomorrow. Yet they do not think of equipping ordinary lay apostles with weapons that will help the spread of the fire the Lord kindled on this earth, though unhesitatingly they pour out tremendous sums for the weapons of destruction.

The children of darkness are miles ahead of the children of light. Isn't this the acceptable time for the latter to catch up and overtake them? And this can only be done if money is given, to purchase these weapons of modern science and put them at God's feet

Spiritual Friends Bro. Martin TOSF

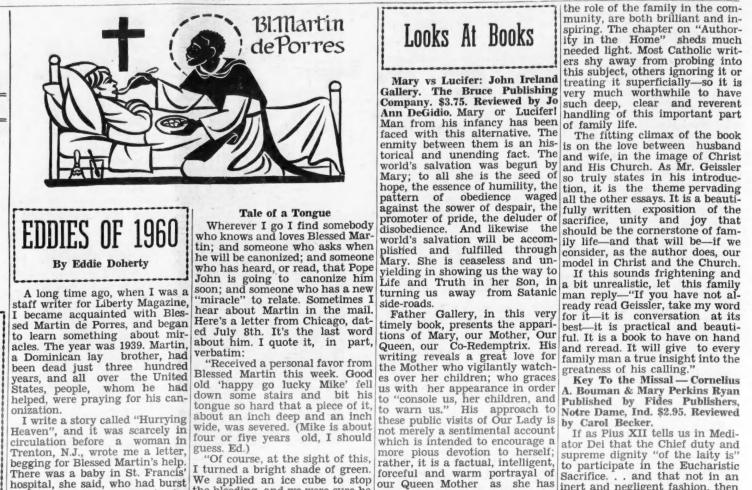
I thank Thee, O Lord. For the wholesome delight When I meet and converse With those of Thy choice Who have found the Way Sweet and rewarding.

When near them, It seems, That my heart throbs with joy As it senses the grace

Which quickens their souls, And I long for such Bliss at each meeting.

In converse, As well, Thy great Wisdom appears And the subjects discussed Are pleasantly tined By a brotherly Love and affection.

I hunger, 'Tis true, For more frequent events In which love is expressed In similar vein, And the sorrows of Life are as nothing.



of Blessed Martin to the baby's body, the child would live, in spite

he could be heard far down the corridors. He looked like a wax doll. If I hadn't heard him wheezing I would have thought him dead. The doctors had filled his chest full of hollow needles so that the air could come out, and not fill his pleural cavity. The noise of his breath coming through those steel channels was what

made the wheezing sound.

In six days the child had a new lung. The X-rays showed that. The doctors had taken thousands of dollars worth of X-rays before, showing that the lung had been ruptured, that it had exploded, disintegrated, disappeared. Now

here was a brand new lung!
Of course lungs simply cannot grow in human bodies after they are born—and this boy, Bruce Jones—was about nine months old. That's agin nat're. Even the dumbest fool knows that. Yet nev-ertheless there it was, a new lung and grown during a week-end so to speak. The doctors were dumbfounded. The Catholic doc-

give God all the credit for this, and the poor physicians none", he said.

"Your suspicion is correct, Doctor", I said—not really believing a Catholic doctor could feel aggrieved because he was not getting all the credit. I took care to forget his name. I remember the Jewish doctor. His name was Eckstein. "You can't credit this miracle to us", he said. "We didn't know what to do. Nothing we did meant anything. You'll just have to credit God."

from the reports of the families, seems equally successful.

Teaching the Summer school for the Lay Apostolate were Fathefor the Lay Apostolate were James Duffy of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Father P. J. O'Reilly; of to credit God.

Lung Still Working

I remember all this, especially, because, only a few weeks ago, got a letter from the mother of this child. He's a little over 21 now, and has graduated from college. I am not going to give you his identity or his address—but if you doubt any part of this story you can look up the records of the heavital. You one probably even hospital. You can probably even look at the X-rays.

Blessed Martin became my pal from that day on. He has travelled with me through various parts of the world. We have shared many adventures and dangers together, listened to many stories, had many laughs. We had a belly laugh in Dublin, Ireland, when I was there to get material for a book on Matt Talbot.

Dublin's religious goods stores have thousands of statues of Blessed Martin on display; and they sell astonishingly well. There were even a couple of tippling Orangemen from Belfast who bought the holy Negro's statues. When they got back to Belfast, the customer man selved if they the customs men asked if they had bought anything in the south of Ireland. Each took his statue

"you don't have to declare religious articles."

"Religious articles", cried one London diocese. of the men, indignant and alarmed, "what do you mean, religious and benefactors and reward their articles? Ain't that Joe Louis?"

the tongue was actually hanging loose. He couldn't even drink waplaces.

body, the child would live, in spite of all the medical chances against him.

A Brand New Lung

A Bran

Saint Martin Soon?

"Besides all this the little mon-

for me to be there; so I won't every breath carries the searing worry about it.

COMBERMERE DIARY

The five weeks of the single Summer School were very successtor in charge looked at me accusingly: "I suppose you are going to continues until Labor Day, and, give God all the credit for this, from the reports of the families,

Ontario, accompanied by two Sisters and their chaplains, Father Warden and Father Giroux, spent

a few days here.

Bob Pelton spent his summer with Father Raya in Birmingham, Alabama.

A new addition to the family is a male beagle puppy who has been christened "Chris"! We had a pleasant visit and lec-

ture from Father Justin Diriviam, of Trichinopoly, South India.

Mary Kehoe, the editor of the Catholic Women's League magazine spent a few days with us.
Our neighbor, Jose deVinck, is building a small cabin on his

Father Briere and Catherine Doherty attended a meeting at the Capuchin Fathers in Ottawa.

A peek at the guest book also proudly from his grip and display- shows the names of Father Irwin of Edmonton; Father O'Donnell "Oh", said the customs official, of Moosejaw, Sask., and Fathers Mooney, two brothers, from the

May God bless all our friends interest and concern.

Looks At Books

Heaven', and he was some in circulation before a woman in Trenton, N.J., wrote me a letter, begging for Blessed Martin's help. There was a baby in St. Francis' hospital, she said, who had burst a lung. The doctors were in despair. But if I would apply a relic spair. But if I would apply a relic spair is not on the sight of this, forceful and warm portrayal of statement of the force was actually hanging spair. But if I would apply a relic spair is not not in an increase which is intended to encourage a supreme dignity "of the laity is" to participate in the Eucharistic forceful and warm portrayal of which is intended to encourage a supreme dignity "of the laity is" to participate in the Eucharistic forceful and warm portrayal of which is intended to encourage a supreme dignity "of the laity is" to participate in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. . . and that not in an our Queen Mother as she has shown herself at Guadalupe, La Salette, Fatima, Lourdes and also spair. But if I would apply a relic spair is not provided to encourage a supreme dignity "of the laity is" to participate in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. . . and that not in an our Queen Mother as she has shown herself at Guadalupe, La Salette, Fatima, Lourdes and also spair. But if I would apply a relic supreme dignity "of the laity is" to participate in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. . . and that not in an our Queen Mother as she has shown herself at Guadalupe, La Salette, Fatima, Lourdes and also spair. But if I would apply a relic supreme dignity to participate in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. . . and that not in an our Queen Mother as she has shown herself at Guadalupe, La Salette, Fatima, Lourdes and also spair.

Father Norbert Georges, O.P., was in charge of the Blessed Martin Guild in New York at that time. I took him to Trenton in my car, and watched him apply the relic. The baby was wheezing so he could be heard far down the corridors. He looked like a wax Sacred Heart, to turn us to a life of love.

The words of St. Louis de Montwith no sign of discomfort. He stantiated by this moving work still has a purple tongue, a distinguishing mark he is quite proud of. Dear dear Martin! Since war; and He fights it relentlessly that day, a bike fell on poor Mike and he has a black eye, he fell and skinned his knee, his ears are swollen from insect bites, he has a lump on his head from banging into a doorknob... but he feels pretty good."

If His Holiness is really going to canonize Martin, I would like to be at the ceremony. Well, if Martin wants me there, he'll arrange for me to be there: so I won't every breath carries the searing of the same war; and He fights it relentlessly and without any kind of forgiveness. It will increase in bitterness as the earth approaches its end. It is the war between Mary and the devil! between the children and servants of Mary and the children and servants of Lucifer."

Father Gallery reiterates the inevitable conclusion: "... we must become servants of Mary or slaves of a diabolical state whose for me to be there: so I won't every breath carries the searing.

brimstone of hell." Family Man by Eugene S. Geis-sler—Published by Fides Press, Notre Dame, Ind. Reviewed by A. Morse.

Morse.

Mr. Geissler, in his new book
"Family Man", makes some exceptionally penetrating plunges into just what makes up the greatness of this vocation; and he wastes no time, for he takes his first plunge in the Preface. A family man, reading a book called "Family Man", written by a family man, should find himself pretty well at home in surround-

family man par excellence; and cators easier.

the role of the family in the community, are both brilliant and inspiring. The chapter on "Authority in the Home" sheds much needed light. Most Catholic writers shy away from probing into

ed for their popularly written and scholarly "Key to the Missal".

For participation presumes understanding and the very purpose of "Key to the Missal" is to increase our understanding of the Liturgy in order that we, the laity, can participate in it with deeper awareness.

Rather than a consideration of each individual Sunday out of context, the book concentrates its attention on developing for us the four seasons of the Liturgical

This is not a book for use as spiritual reading — it requires rather the approach of the student intent on seeing deeper into the mysteries of the Church and

its Worship.

Key to the Missal is highly recommended both to the average but, necessarily, interested—Catholic, and, perhaps, even more so, for the use of parish study groups. To assist these latter, suggestions for study and notes are conven-iently added to the end of each

1960 Catholic Booklist

ily man, should find himself pretty well at home in surroundings he knows. And so I did, but his writing is more like an evening's chat) about these surroundings that I have only dimly perceived in the back of my mind on the back or Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C., and Father John Pesce, C.P. of Dunkirk, New York.

The teachers at Cana Colony were Father T. Quinlan of Alexandria, Virginia; Father J. Raya of Birmingham Alabama: Father borhood togetherness)—and neighborhood togetherness)—are discording the back of my mind a parting back of my mind a preceived in the back of my mind arranged by subject headings: they cover the field well: Bibliography, Education, Fiction, Fine Arts, History and Description, Literature, Philosophy, Clussed in a pithy, well balanced by subject headings: they cover the field well: Bibliography, Education, Fiction, Fine Arts, History and Description, Literature, Philosophy, Psychology & Psyc andria, Virginia; Father J. Raya of Birmingham, Alabama; Father Hewett of Merchantville, New Jersey; Father Declan Maher of Jamaica, New York; Father Martin Jeffry, Cobalt, Ontario; and Father W. Dore, C.S.B. of Toronto. Also in July, a group of Young Christian Students from London, Ontario, accompanied by two Sis-How They Grow

Mr. Geissler's chapter on childan alphabetical index of authors and titles. It is succint, concise, an alphabetical index of authors Mr. Geissler's chapter on child-ren growing up is one every parent should read. His comparison with the Christ at the age of twelve is one of his penetrating plunges. His attitude of thoughtful aloofness towards displays of hooliganism, however, I found puzzling and disappointing, as lacking in the responsibility of a citizen.

and titles. It is succint, concise, a boon to any busy librarian. The printed word wields a tremendous influence. To extract the best is nearly impossible without much knowlege and experience. The editors of the booklist are offering their talents to us. Anyone who uses it will rightly feel indebted to their contribution in making the work of librarinans and edu-St. Joseph, in his role as the the work of librarinans and edu-





YUKON PRO-CATHEDRAL FORMALLY DEDICATED

By Mary Ruth

teu nere and there. Shy little boys the heroic effort of Bishop Cou-in long pants, with every unruly hair smoothed down reverently, Vicariate. hair smoothed down reverency, self-consciously clung to a father's or mother's hand. Aged members of the parish, who remembered its humble beginnings, walked slowly up the street to the church, the joy of the occasion making their steps light. The choir mem-bers, with their black-covered books, gathered slowly, marking their places, receiving last-minute instructions from their director, Mr. Paul Choquette. On the outskirts of the group, shyly standing apart, an Indian Couple watched with bright dark eyes.

choösing the best spots from mon larder with fish, which we which to photograph the procession. Feet shifted restlessly. Then I have been going over Madon-

ed with angels singing Hosannas. and cellars. They must have smiled lovingly, if angels can smile, to see two little Indian altar boys, starched blankets will be most welcome too, would stay with us for a couple of love of the love of little Indian altar boys, starched blankets will be most welcome too, would stay with us for a couple of love of little Indian altar boys, starched as well as towels and pillow cases days. Cathy Maynard and Therand stiff in their white surplices as well as towels and pillow cases days. Cathy Maynard and Theresa Davis also arrived. They are and red ribbon ties, their black and bed spreads. hair slicked back, their dark eyes Among other following these mysteries. Two little fruits of the loving labor carried on by Bishop Coudert and his faithful Missionaries of the re-decorate their houses and don't Vicariate!

fering up the hours of loneliness, the frustrations, the cold, the endless tramps over snowy wastes behind weary dog teams, the blizzards, and the frozen limbs, suffered by the bishop and his mis-

faithful parishioners.

"No", someone answered. "They are the Sisters, the Priests, the lay people of tomorrow. They should

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon

A solem blessing ended the ceremonies, and the long procession —The June day was perfect. The of Church dignitaries filed out, warm sun smiled down upon the leaving behind this glorious crowds. The sky was deep blue temple of God . . this monument with fluffy cloud canopies. Little to the growth of the Mystical girls in crisp summer dresses flit-Body in the Yukon, this tribute to

One Man's Scrap Is Another Man's Gold

Thank you, one and all, dear Readers, for the wonderful supply of fishing equipment and fishing lures that came in answer to my last plea in this column. They are apart, an Indian Couple watched with bright dark eyes.

By 9.30, the sidewalks outside the church were filled. People with cameras were milling about, cameras were millin

moved to the door of the church, with Bishop Coudert blessing the outside of the church and the surroundings.

"... Thou Who didst bring to fruition the devotion of Thy beloved David in the work of his son, Solomon, deign to perfect our desires in this work, and may all spiritual wickedness flee from this place, Through Christ Our Lord!"

Angels Sing Hosannas

for SINGLE BEDS and DOUBLE BEDS. We use the latter only for our Cana Colony camp—to which married people come with their families, often the only vacation they can afford. We don't charge for our housekeeping cabins . . we accept only that which their charity and pocket-books can afford.

But we have to supply the bedding. And sheets — we haven't

desires in this work, and may all spiritual wickedness fee from this place, Through Christ Our Lord!"

Angels Sing Hosannas. Bishop Coudert, whose holines and perseverance here in the North had brought all to the glory of this hour, turned and led the procession around the side of the enwiy-blessed edifice and proceeding to the altar, intoning the Litary of the Saints. The procession then passed around the interior of the Church as the Bish op blessed it. Meanwhile flowers were placed on the altar, and preparations for the solemn Fon-tificial High Mass began.

The church has the Bish and the solemn Fon-tificial High Mass began.

The church must have semilal olivaries.

The church must have semilated for the Church as the Bish op blessed it. Meanwhile flowers were placed on the altar, and proparations for the solemn Fon-tificial High Mass began.

The church has the besen filled with angels singing Hosannas. They must have semilated love in the church as the work of the church as the besing the Litary of the Saints. The procession then passed around the interior of the Church as the Bish op blessed it. Meanwhile flowers were placed on the altar, and preparations for the solemn Fon-tificial High Mass began.

The church must have semilated lovineity.

The church must have been filled with angels singing Hosannas. They must have semilated lovineity.

Among other things we need terials—chintz, any kind. People lowed them the next day. re-decorate their houses and don't know what to do with their curspoke to us before Mass. When olic organization there is espe-

They must have looked admiringly upon Rev. Father Triggs, will cups, saucers, plates of all Ask her to give you ask father to give you. the pastor of the new Church, sizes and shapes, we don't care if whose untiring efforts had efforts had efforts had they match or not. Knitting wool brought the dream of the bishop is still one of our great needs. And

ed them also. And likewise the would be most welcome! God clouded by the darkness of our intelligence service. All this, of late. The sense of re-direction can the fullness of humanity, the

good measure.

"The children," someone said, "they should not be taking up space today. Grown-ups need the seats."

"No", someone answered. "They love, and that nobody, but noare the Sisters the Priests the lay body loves us the way the does." body, loves us the way He does. So He decided, in His own time, to draw the curtains of that dark room, and do a little redecorating.

The Magic Dollar Bill Ever since Marian Centre got its new building, Dorothy Phillips, our Local Director, has wanted to have the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart. This involved hav-ing a picture, and somehow those we came across never really look-ed right. They showed a carefully groomed Christ, gesturing gently with a well-manicured hand, His eyes limpid pools of something or other, meant to convey love. However, one day in "America" there appeared an advertisement which said that for one dollar you could be a point of a point of a point of the said that the said thad the said that the said that the said that the said that the sa get a print of a painting done by a young lady named Kennedy which had won first prize in a national contest sponsored by the Apostleship of Prayer. This Sacred Heart made us

thorns. His heart is a brilliant light. In His arms is a lamb. The background of the picture sug-

the Directors of our houses in Arizona and Texas. Mary Ann Gilvery, very much, are curtain ma- more from Madonna House fol-

bless you all; and Mary keep you! mind, our own personal difficul-course, is done with the utmost come. We who are conscious of summation of all things in Christ!

CHRIST FINDS FRIENDS
IN OUR MARIAN CENTRE

by Sally Murphy

Marian Centre, Edmonton Alta.—Word association tests are often revealing. Take a word, and then say the first thing that comes to your mind. If somebody says "teacher" and you say "school"—that would be normal But if you said "strap", it might reveal that all was not too rosy in P.S. 22.

If somebody were to say "Sacred Heart" or me, the first thought in my mind would be of a room closed in with heavy drapes crowded with overstuffed furniture, and a big framed picture with scarced Heart. Put a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Put a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Put a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Put a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart and gladly active the sacred Heart." Lut a few back issues of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart on the table for sacr



During Benediction, the picture which to photograph the procession. Feet shifted restlessly. Then a hush fell over the group as, across the lawn came the long procession of bishops, priests, Sisters, altar boys, and the faithful, behind His Excellency, Bishop J. L. Coudert, O.M.I. Vicar Apostolic of the Yukon. The procession moved to the door of the church, with Bishop Coudert blessing the outside of the church and the outsi was set on the credence table and adorned with flowers and vigil

Barney Beltem

Rev. Wm. J. Joyce, C.S.Sp.

Barney Beltem is not what you would call a typical Catholic, but he is typical of some Catholics. He ceives the blessing of the Church, The angels must have been ofering up the hours of loneliness, the cold, the frustrations, the cold, the meighborhood, where curtains are indless tramps over snowy wastes behind weary dog teams, the blizards, and the frozen limbs, suffered by the bishop and his mistionaries.

Angels Look Around

Know what to do with their curtains are adillouses for talk you sort of forget you are talk you sort of orget you are talk you sort of forget you are talk you sort of orget you are talk you sort of orget you are talk you sort of orget you are t

that Barney is dutiful in coming said of him is that "he means to church and in supporting his well". In the same book that he

of his way to welcome the new family!

In the parish there is a small following of Beltem admirers. They are not so warlike as he; they must lack his courage. But they aspire to his aims, and they think of him a real crusader for Church and Country.

Barney is patriotic about many things, voting, for instance. He never misses a chance to cast a ballot. When he is not sure of the religion of a candidate, he writes an X beside a name that is probably French, Irish, Polish, or some other "Catholic" nationality.

Barney is a Big Shot

Barney is also an exponent of higher education He is overloved.

when he reads about a Catholic scholar accomplishing something in the arts and sciences. He thinks this gives the Church prestige. Catholic movie stars, television personalities, and crooners he

personalities, and crooners he loves.
Our hero does not come into his own, however, until the issue of communism is raised. He prides himself on having uncovered more subversives than any national law enforcement agency. In all humility, he admits, this is not too much of an accomplishment. Not for him. Those leftists are everywhere. Unknown to the bishop, they have infiltrated cathy, Theresa, Thurston, Dick Bednar and all the Staff of Marian Centre. There were also three priests—Father Paul Bechard, Fr. Seifert, and Fr. Bertsch, who arrived a little later.

Durhero does not come into his own, however, until the issue of communism is raised. He prides himself on having uncovered more subversives than any national law enforcement agency. In all humility, he admits, this is not too much of an accomplishment. Not for him. Those leftists are everywhere. Unknown to the bishop, they have infiltrated about teachers who actually favored organized labor, welfare legislation, civil liberties, and crooners he loves.

The glow is a glow of DAWN, of a dawn that will, in time, dispel the darkness of this terrible night in which our world has long been wandering... stumbling ... falling ... lost.

It is the Dawn of the Marian Age . the Age of Our Lady of Combernere. I shall extinguish these "Northern Lights" with a little poem entitled "DAWN", which I wrote on the Feast of St. John Bosco, January 31st.

DAWN

The night is past At last.

How do I know?

A glow and nonsectarian private schools are red-ridden, but this expose on Catholic education is a discovery belonging to Barney alone. The bishop would soon know about it too, if only Barney could reach him. That monsignor in the front office of the chancery must be a red He sure looks like one

days before the feast.

Calling Humble Heroes

Wednesday morning Father
Seifert began letting some light
into my turn-of-the-century sitting room. By the time his talk
was over I had removed a few
was over I had removed a few
and difficulty I will neglect to

lessing of the priests was given, a hymn was sung, and it was over.
Christ's picture hangs in our dining room. As the weeks go by, maybe I will forget to look at it.
Maybe I will begin to forget all we appropriate." Everything he does now is done—you won't believe this—under the banner of control of the priests was given, a hymn was sung, and it was over.
Christ's picture hangs in our distinctions activities such as anti-semitism, isolationism, segregation, spy searching, union-busting, and holy wars. He considers the name "quite appropriate." Everything he does now is done—you won't believe this—under the banner of "Catholic Action."

These people do not know what it is to be a Catholic, to be a member of a Body which reaches out to all nations, to all peoples, to all that is creative and true in humanity.

Serve:

A thousand years, and more, I shall serve my Love.
I shall be bought and sold, As are the slaves, And none shall know humanity.

Every positive achievement of men, whether Catholic or not, rethe source of true humanism.

We like to think that the typical Catholic reflects the vigorous,

Barney Means Well Barney has more enthusiasm than intelligence, more ignorance On the virtue side, we can say than ill-will. The best that can be brought the dream of the bishop to fruition.

The Missionary Orders of Sisters, who have stood by the Missionaries and have offered no small contribution to the building up of the Mystical Body in this of Providence the Little Mission of Providence the Little Miss

Barney is a big shot
Barney is also an exponent of higher education. He is overjoyed when he reads about a Catholic seen. Unseen because of the won-

How do I know? A glow Of light all red Is spread Across the sky Where I, In search of dawn, Have gone So many times Before.

Why ask for more Of light To end the night Than this— The tender kiss

And none shall know That daily I repose in the land of my Love, In the land of my resplendent

shall stoop and I shall serve All those who weep so bitterly Within their winter-locked

Sun.

houses: At their threshold, I shall stand, With a basket of bread upon my

hip, And a jar of ointment in my hand. With bowed head, I shall serve each one.

And my Love, my resplendent Sun Shall throw His darts of light

Through all this gloom, And set aflame the sealed walls;

of Providence, the Little Mission-of an old farm, there is spraying —which surpasses all knowledge ters, Barney is busy ferreting out the point where he does not lis-ary Sisters of St. Joseph, and the equipment for apple trees. We Give Christ your love in faith. His creeping evils which have not as ten any more. He just fights. Sisters of St. Ann, were representwould be grateful for that. Prunlove for us is beyond comprehenyet been brought to the attention
bed. The angels must have admiring equipment—sheers and saws, sion—Our realization of it is of the Holy Office or the national

For all would-be followers of the show them that the symbol of the Holy Office or the national
Barney caricature, it is not too Christianity, the cross, welcomes

LADY OF THE ISLANDS is by boat, sail and motor. The

sea is nearly always rough.
So, per force, I have to ask for money. And I place my request in the hands of Our Lady of Com-

kids. Put him on sick roll and keep him there for six weeks, at full pay, before you get rid of him. That should give him time to get another job."
God, I never knew of his doing

an unkind thing, or am unjust thing. He supported a small regithing. He supported a small regiment of unfortunates, "moochers" we called them. Ex-prize fighters and wrestless ex-powers are the street itself is not slain, then it is bereft of so many of its huge branches that it stands like low, the softest touch on Broad-trunk. way—and later as one of the highest paid writers, and most nights, my bridge is a hazardous and it is distributed in pails.

that day when he came to see me bushes. in Dick Carroll's little shanty in On su

Only One Gene Fowler "You get some rest now, Eddie" Gene commanded. "You were up all night, hunting for her. You can hardly speak. Your voice is hoarse from calling her. You can hardly stand. Take this. It'll put

less as a mother. When I took his pill, and stretched out on the cot, he hitched his chair close and whispered: "Now level with me, Ed. Your boys are flying out here. You will have to take them back with you, and their mother's body. This is going to cost you a lot of money. What do you need? I drew \$2,000 from the bank for you as soon as I heard the news. You can have it all, or any part of it."

I didn't need it. I didn't need money. I did need his friendship of Darkness. These storms are

money. I did need his friendship to sustain me. God, You made filled with a strange unholy only one Gene Fowler! I am sure Mildred tagged along with You when You went to bring him home seems to me, but from the Filler Hime Filler Hime

I thought of them, this morning, and of the men in West Madison street, Chicago, and in the Bowery in New York, and in the breadlines everywhere — wishing You could, somehow, bring each and all of them here so that they too could walk with You through the fragrant paths in the woods, so they could smell the flowers and the pines and cedars, so they could take delight in all the splendor of this world of Combermere—so they could see You, Gold, and seeing You, fall in love with

made me a newspaperman. Thanks Son.

I Live On An Island

By Catherine Doherty

Tears of Resin

and wrestlers, ex-newspapermen a penitent of medieval times, its

highest paid writers, and most easily approached, in the movie studios. They marched with him always—even when he went to see his wife while she was in the hospital. He was patient with them. He was forbearing. He loved them. He worried about them.

I was not too surprised when I heard he had become a Catholic. "because I had such a good time in this life that I want to have a good time in the next.' His con-filled piers, they waters in the waters in the waters into a good time in the next.' His con-filled is a hazardous undertaking, for it shakes and sundertaking, for it shakes and sways under my feet. And though asways under my feet. And though asways under my feet. And though sways under my feet. And though is a undertaking, for it shakes and sways under my feet. And though asways under my feet. And though is a undertaking, for it shakes and sways under my feet. And though asways under my feet. And though as

in this life that I want to have a good time in the next.' His conversion did come as a shock to many, though—but it didn't lose him any friends.

I remember him best as he was I remember him best as he was that day when he came to see me to see

On such days, as I slowly, care-

hardly stand. Take this. It'll put you to sleep. Wait a second. I'll make you a hot drink. You can swallow the pill with that."

He was as gentle and as resistless as a mother. When I took his pill and stretched out on the success and protection. For it sud.

home.

Love Waits Here For Men
I thought of them, this morning, and of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and in the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and the content of the men in West Madison street, Chicago and the content of t

For one thing I know . . for one and seeing You, fall in love with light shines for me in the tortur-

to all the other souls so dear to me. Tell them I hope to walk in on them someday. What a time we'll have! the gentle refrain of a Mother's Time? No, no. We'll be together then forever.

Thanks for Your woods, Lord God.

Thanks for the love You have always.

Thanks for the love You have always.

made me a newspaperman. Thanks
for letting me know Gene Fowler.
Thanks for everything I have, and
everything I have not. Thanks for

WEST INDIES WORK

lust a tiny glimpse, of God's justified and the powerished people.

These are the stormy days. The powerished people.

PIESSE MAKE OUT YOUR ICE ETTER OR THE BRITISH WEST IN TOIES AND THE HOUSE OF ORTHE BRITISH WEST IN LADY OF THE ISLANDS!

LOVE LETTER (Continued from Page 1) he might say. "He's simply impossible. But he's got a houseful of kids. Put him on sick roll and keep him there."

Instand and the power shade a gimpse, of God's justification and the power shade and germ.

The same the stormy days. The bleak dark days of late fall. Or the bitting cold days of mid-winter. Then my cabin, with its thick logs, appears a hut made of straw. The wind moans around and done to be an about it for a while, and then strikes it from all sides at one, but it the cabin shakes and the wood creeks . . . afraid it will be destroyed, moaning in the way in the street of the bables are born of unwel mothers. You should see are born days and dangerous. Tall saw one building that we in the schools the children got of I saw one building that we in the schools the children got of I saw one building that we in the schools the children got of the same through the schools the children got of the same through the schools the children got of the same through the schools the children got of the same through the school

next morning, some of them lying broken and dead on the soft pine needled earth, or on the earth covered with many feet of white snow.

main crops are corn, cotton, peas, and peanuts. If they don't have rain, everything burns up. There are cows, goats, donkeys, pigs, rabbits, and chickens—though it is bord for the control of the contr is hard to get grass enough to feed some of the animals. When there is a drought many animals dieand I wouldn't be astonished to learn that many people die too. who could not find a job — they pestered him eternally. They knew him only as a tremendous, funny, Rabelaisian sort of fellow the softest toych on Procedure in the softest toych on the s son, water has to be brought to Carriacou in boats from Grenada,

catching fish. They have no ele-ctricity, but some people have kerosene-operated freezers. Ker-Benedict Canyon, in Beverly Hills. The men who had hunted shivering, moaning bridge, I all night and all day through the brush had found Mildred's body; and I was, for the moment alone.

On the Way, way across my ctricity, but some people have kerosene-operated freezers. Kerosene and gas lamps are used. There are no street lights. Every-body mentions Hurricane Jane of the role of the rol body mentions Hurricane Jane of

> He has 8 places in which to offer Mass. He says 3 Masses on Sunday, and 2 Masses several days a week. He has 4,000 Catholics in his care. He spends long hours travelling by schooner from island to island. He teaches Catechism once a week in each of the five schools on this island. He speaks highly of the lay teachers who help so much in the schools. They are not many, but they are excellent. He has faith in the Legion of Mary. There are more people participating in its stead a dull pain. Ray began to feel better. As his has faith in the Legion of Mary. There are more people participating in its stead a dull pain. Ray began to feel better. As his has faith in the speaks highly don't need to normal and his entire body took on a fresh feeling. After much in the swelling gave way to a well-formed masculine hand, the gaping sore closed into whole skin. Once again Ray went about his daily tasks—a healthy man.
>
> But wait! what does one see here? The Mystical Body itself!
>
> Cells died.
>
> Gradually the throbbing ceased, need for silence and stillness during Mass. And the baby — well, he could be coming with me now, except that there isn't much point when his dad is home any-way. You know how it is—he just cannot stand taking them all—looks like a thundercloud all through Mass, so can't be get-ming sore closed into whole skin.
>
> There are more people participating Mass. And the baby — well, he could be coming with me now, except that there isn't much point when his dad is home any-way. You know how it is—he just cannot stand taking them all—looks like a thundercloud all through Mass, so can't be get-ming sore closed into whole skin.
>
> But wait! what does one see here? The Mystical Body itself! He has 8 places in which to offer cells died.

ey than His Lordship the Bishop

You.

And I thought too of all the men who work hard fire days, or six, a week, to make a living for their fame lines. What a day in these woodships of or them I hought especially and a command of the common fare is proposed to the form of Hosts, we shall in truth perish.

So I turn to her, who can uphold the hands of God's mercy would find Combermer the anternoom of heaven.

I wanted to say all these things to You this morning; but it is easier to write them. I wanted to remind You, particularly, of something Your Son once said; "Whatsoever you did to the least of these, My brethren, you have done it unto Me."

Say helto to Gene, for me, Lord; and to all the other souls so dear to me, sould see that the strident of a Mother's where Elsie will work, but many where Elsie will work, but many formed to all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so do not all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould all the other souls so dear to me, sould be given into the canyon from which is she and to combine the bishod beautiful embroidery work, plasticine merciful Divine Physician prescribed His merciful Divine Physician prescribed His merciful Divine Physician prescribed His medicine to combat which is the the that the All-moments in the canyon from into the canyon from on into dancy in merciful Divine Physician prescribed His merciful Divine Ph

Thanks for the love You have always fall asleep in the peace of her island, each staffed by a nurse, Body grow strong in goodness and who takes care of small dressings, love.

There is every color of skin here (Continued from Page 1)

ada. It is a coral island, and conseto me. The Sisters, eleven of them, quently not too verdant or productive. It has many hills, the highest being 980 feet above sea primary and secondary school. In level. Because of recent rains everything was green. There are olics, of whom perhaps 2,000 practice their religion. About seventy

Ray had an infected finger. It started with a small cut. Only when he used that finger did he time. I nearly snorted, though, when he nudged me to look at when he had it hanging over and the cut became red, the pain grew worse and more frequent. He his nose, held there by his placed a band-aid over the cut freckles presumably. I had been and continued going about his wondering what was amusing the

The finger did not improve. It grew worse. It became swollen and than it was ever intended fornight. Steadily this throbbing increased. The simple band-aid was replaced by a large white bandage. The pain became so strong Ray could no longer use the sore hand, not even to butter his bread, it then one of mine to consolid in the name of the crucifix, discovered that he could hang it up in the national transfer in the name of the crucifix, discovered that he could hang it up in the national transfer in the natio



Call For the Nurse

The doctor examined the infection and put him to bed. Under Prophets of Israel in a voice of thunder; and when the Chosen People, for refusing to bow their proud necks, were dispersed into exile—to far-away lands — and made subject to alien people.

Candles Weep Too

On such stormy nights, I do not sleep easily; and if I do fall asleep my sleep is troubled and I wake often. The vigil light because I wake often. The vigil light because I wake often. The vigil light because I was a splaces in which to offer cells died.

body mentions Hurricane Jane of the made put him to bed. Under the watchful eye of Mary, the nurse, slowly the throbbing lessend. Daily, Mary gave Ray infection-killing medicines. With air, and one man found his car in a tree after the squall had passed.

Father Francis has charge of the visits them as often, and as regularly, as he can. He has 8-places in which to offer cells died.

Our Nurse Is Mary
Now is the time that the All-

thanks for everything I have, and everything I have not. Thanks for You. I love you, in my own lethargic stupid way. Your loving pipsqueak. bridge of caritas—with all the rest is one doctor in charge of the isbridge of caritas—with all the rest is one doctor in charge of the isbridge of caritas—with all the rest is one doctor in charge of the isbridge of caritas—with all the rest is one doctor in charge of the isbridge.

KIM

By Norma St. Clair

years ago, when I was single and stride.

very good. He didn't talk out loud once, except, of course, when he informed me in a loud, penetrating voice that he had to go to the bathroom, right now. Oh, yes, and when he told me excitedly to look at that big, fat lady. And the answers to the prayers. But no one minds when it's prayers, even when he is way behind everyone else.

Out-Thrust Freckles

other supplies. So I ran down and jumped in the car and whizzed into the stream and almost across. There we sat, the exhaust making noises like a motor launch. Industrially stuck!

"Oh, my F.S.A.!" I always abbreviate when he can hear. "Poor me! Poor St. Joseph! Stuck!

Please, St. Joseph, here we are. We need you. We need you and an angel with four-wheel drive."

For three days I worked. Still

him, and he had it hanging over kids in the pew behind us. He found more uses for his rosary red. The finger became so sore its tried to unscrew the screws on the throbbing kept him awake at book rack in front of us with the ery), tied his hands together with it, then one of mine to one of his, ad infinitum. But all so quietly.

Of course, it was a little embarrassing when he climbed across my lap, leaving a dusty streak (and a welt, I daresay) across the shoulders of a man in front of us, landing squarely on trucks on this road. But there a lady's white gloves. She didn't was one now! even look annoyed, bless her.

Really, he was a darling this morning, so sweet and lovable, in his clean clothes, skin and hair. I see him that way so seldom, except when he's in bed asleep, and then so am I. It seems to me at times like that, that just so must the Christ-Child have looked to His Mother on a Sunday morning—eyes so clear and can-did, so filled with childish innocence and, in this case, mischief, fair hair shining gold, with no sand showing through for a change, and freckles making a beautiful bronze path across his nose. My God, thank You for him, and for his two brothers!

Three Is A Riot

You know I'd like to have them all here, but You know, too what a riot that always is. Maybe this winter when Rickey is going to

There are more people participating in daily Mass here than I have seen in large churches in other parts of the world. He needs more catechists, as all kinds of religious sects are coming to the island.

Protestant Converts?

Now that sectarian missionaries may no longer go to China.

Adaily tasks—a healthy man.

But wait! what does one see go to separate Masses.

We are cells in that Mystical Body itself!

We are cells in that does one see go to separate Masses.

Yes, Kim was good today in Church. He sat, stood, and knelt when I did, prayed aloud with the congregation, and was a real model of good childish behavior. I wonder why that lady moved to another pew, and the people behind us left at the "Ite missa left"?

An Angel Aids St. Joe

By J. Heidt

The two of us live in a pasture and cave at 12,000 feet in Colorado, near the Mount of the Holy Cross, and run a little mine there during the summers.

F.S.A. Hauls Rocks

Not so long ago I brought him over on the cave side of a fast flowing stream called Lime Creek to haul some rocks from another part of the claim; the absence of a road being taken in

could put my whole mind on the Mass.

On second thought, he was very good. He didn't talk out loud other supplies. So I ran down and other supplies.

For three days I worked. Still nothing. Resting on the frame. Getting deeper each day. "Please,

St. Joseph, what about that angel we requested?"
So, I thought, "I will go to meet the angel." This shows more idiocy than faith, I kept telling myself. But I determined to go. I had prayed for an angel so I'd go meet him at the gate. It was the only thing to do. Off I went.

As I neared the only road anywhere for miles, I saw, coming over a rise in the hill, an enormous swirling of yellow dust.

Alleluia! A Red Angel

"Here comes the angel!" This was said, ending in some-thing between a question mark and an exclamation point. I hurried through the gate and blocked the yellow road.

Town is some twenty miles, and it is not often there are

was one now!

It was a celestial bright red truck with at least eight-wheel drive; There was a really durable looking angel inside by the name of Angus Spears—just the kind to be about the Lord's business. He looked as if he could get us out alone if the truck couldn't.

Well, in ten minutes, St. Joseph, (F.S.A.) was on the road. Roaring just like he was a jeep. It was then that it hit me. Mr. Angus Spears was an angel. Or, at least, almost. He was from United Air Lines!

Just how close will I ever get

to another of these earth-bound angels? Who knows? But if St. Joseph continues to think he is a jeep, maybe again pretty soon.



Our Own Who's Who

Miss Guadalupe Zabaco, known to all as "Lupe", came to Madon-na House from Nicaragua. She was born in Spain, and became a nurse in Madrid. Above she is pic-tured in her school's uniform. Before coming to Canada she work-St. Joseph is an aging Mercury ed as a nurse in other countries. that thinks he is a jeep. My pri-She is not only a nurse, she is vate opinion of him, as I look talented in the arts and crafts.

RESTORATION, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA	
Please enter the following	subscription:
Name	
Street	
City	Zone
Province	